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Memorial and Peace Day

Illinois - 1925

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

Memorial and Peace Day

May Thirtieth

1925

Circular No. 196

Issued by
FRANCIS G. BLAIR
Superintendent of Public Instruction

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THE TORNADO'S RESULTS.

The following is as close an estimate as can be made at this time of the school life and property loss in Jackson, White, Hamilton and Franklin Counties, Illinois, caused by the greatest tornado recorded in the annals of the United States Weather Bureau on March 18, 1925:

Persons killed:	
Teachers	2
Pupils	51
Injured (estimated)	500
School property loss (estimated)	$468,200
Insurance available (estimated)	161,650
Total net loss (estimated)	$306,550

Nineteen children were killed in the DeSoto Public School Building. Many were injured.

To Teachers and Pupils:

Memorial Day is kept sacred to the memory of soldiers who fought or died in defense of their country. It is especially set apart for that purpose and no other object should be allowed to obtrude, but I am sure that no patriotic American will oppose giving some attention or showing some respect to the memory of the school children who died in the great tornado. In a very true sense they died like soldiers on the battlefield.

Ignorance is the greatest enemy of our Republic. Our schools are the training camps and arsenals where the soldiers of knowledge and power are being trained to guard our liberties against the hosts of darkness. Children who attend our common schools come at the call of the Commonwealth. They are under command and in line of duty.

Therefore, those children who lost their lives in the great storm died like soldiers in the cause of their country. All the schools of the state should pay a special tribute of respect to these dead comrades of theirs on this Memorial Day.

Superintendent.

Captain Herbert D. Ryman.

CAPTAIN HERBERT DICKENS RYMAN.

His Heroic Sacrifice.

Captain Herbert Dickens Ryman was born April 11, 1878, in Vernon, Illinois. The son of Samuel T. and Martha (Jones) Ryman. The Ryman family came from Heideberg, Germany, being the descendant of the Royal Family. The grandmother of Captain Ryman on his father's side was a direct descendant of Charles Dickens the famous novelist.

Captain Ryman was reared in a christian home, his parents and grandparents being devout Methodists. He came from a family of military men, doctors and preachers. He received his early education in the public schools of Marion County, Illinois, and graduated from the Vernon High School. Being an ambitious lad he made rapid strides in his studies.

After graduating from High School he entered Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas. Later he entered the Kansas State Medical College at Lawrence, Kansas, from which he graduated in 1907. Before entering the Medical College, four years of his life were spent in the teaching profession, being principal of the Richland High School in Shawnee County, Kansas. He was married to Cora Belle Norris a class mate in the grade school and also one of the teachers in the High School of which he was principal.

Distinguished Service Cross awarded to Captain Herbert D. Ryman for Distinguished Service August 17, 1918.

Three children were born to this union, Christine, Lucille and Herbert Dickens, Jr. After finishing his course in medicine he settled in Vernon, Illinois, his birth place, to begin the practice of medicine but in two years he moved to Mt. Pulaski, Logan County, Illinois. Here he remained until June 17, 1917. He enlisted as First Lieutenant in the Medical Reserve Corps of the Great World's War.

September 1917 he entered the training camp at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, remaining there four weeks. He was then sent to Augusta, Georgia. Here he was made a Captain of the Medical Corps of the 107th Field Artillery, 28th Division of the Pennsylvania National Guards.

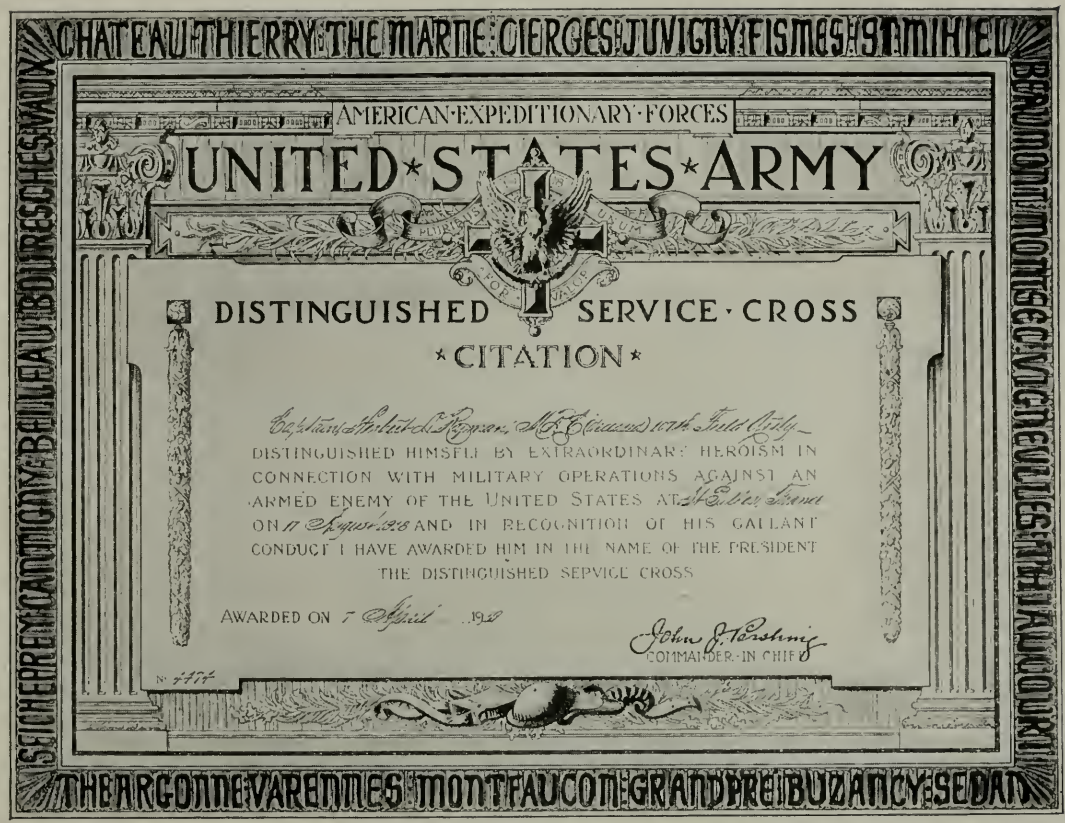
After spending the winter of 1917 and 1918 in Camp Hancock, Georgia, he was ordered with his company to France. They sailed May 19, 1918, on the Leviathian, landing in Liverpool May 30. Soon after arriving in France they were sent to the front. The Captain was asked to choose between going to the front or remaining as a surgeon in one of the Base Hospitals. His request was to go with his boys as he called them.

On Saturday afternoon, August 17, he was mortally wounded while ministering to a wounded comrade on the battle-field, near St. Gilles, France. Disregarding his own injury, he administered aid to three fallen comrades. Weakened from the loss of blood he was carried to the nearest aid station but only lived a few hours.

During his stay in France letters from him were received every few days as it was his practice to write home each day; however, he never told his family that he was at the front, always writing as if he were in no danger.

Mrs. Ryman and children have in their possession the Distinguished Service Cross and many other medals and awards for heroism from the United States and French Governments.

Mrs. Ryman is now County Superintendent of Schools for Macon County.


CHATEAU THIERRY · THE MARNE · CIERGES · JUVIGNY · FISMES · ST MIHIEL
BEAUMONT · MONTSEC · VIENNE · VESLE · THE AISNE · COURMONT
SUICHE · BERRY-AU-BAC · CHAMPAGNE · BELLEAU · BOURESCHES · VAUX
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
UNITED STATES ARMY
DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS
CITATION
DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF BY EXTRAORDINARY HEROISM IN CONNECTION WITH MILITARY OPERATIONS AGAINST AN ARMED ENEMY OF THE UNITED STATES AT
ON AND IN RECOGNITION OF HIS GALLANT CONDUCT I HAVE AWARDED HIM IN THE NAME OF THE PRESIDENT THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS
AWARDED ON
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
THE ARGONNE · VARENNES · MONTFAUCON · GRANDPRE · BUZANCY · SEDAN

Hero of French Battlefield Now Rests at Arlington, Va.

[From *National Tribune,* Washington, D. C.]

Capt. Herbert D. Ryman of Mt. Pulaski, Ill. was buried with full military honors at Arlington, Thursday afternoon, July 28, in the officers' section on the east slope of the banks of the Potomac river.

* * * * * * *

Captain Ryman deserves more than passing mention for his conduct was such as to entitle him to receive the distinguished service cross for extraordinary heroism and unselfish devotion to his injured comrades, while himself mortally wounded. He received his death wound on the battlefield near St. Gilles, France, Aug. 17, 1918. He was connected with the 107 F. A. 28. Div. M. R. C. and ministered to his wounded comrades while bearing a wound from a bursting shell from which he bled to death while looking after other wounded.

General Orders, No. 64.

[From War Department, Washington, May 15, 1919.]

Herbert D. Ryman, captain, Medical Corps, 107th Field Artillery. For extraordinary heroism in action near St. Gilles, France, August 17, 1918. While administering first aid to a wounded soldier he was himself mortally wounded. Refusing aid, he assisted in rendering first aid and directing the treatment of three other soldiers. Though weakened by loss of blood, he showed utter disregard for his personal danger, refusing to accept treatment until the other wounded had been cared for. Next of kin, Mrs. Cora Belle Ryman, wife, Mount Pulaski, Illinois.

COLUMBIA GIVES TO HER SON
THE ACCOLADE OF THE
NEW CHIVALRY OF HUMANITY
Herbert D. Ryman, Captain Med. Corps.
SERVED WITH HONOR IN THE WORLD WAR
AND DIED IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY

1914 - 1919
CEUX QUI PIEUSEMENT SONT MORTS POUR LA PATRIE
ONT DROIT QUA LEUR CERCUEIL LA FOULE VIENNE ET PRIE
A LA MÉMOIRE
DE
Herbert A. Ryman
Captain, Medical Corps
DES ETATS-UNIS D'AMÉRIQUE,
MORT POUR LA LIBERTÉ
PENDANT LA GRANDE GUERRE
HOMMAGE DE LA FRANCE
Le Président de la République
CARTIER

The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States of America.

PREAMBLE TO THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

We hold these truths to be self-evident:—That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

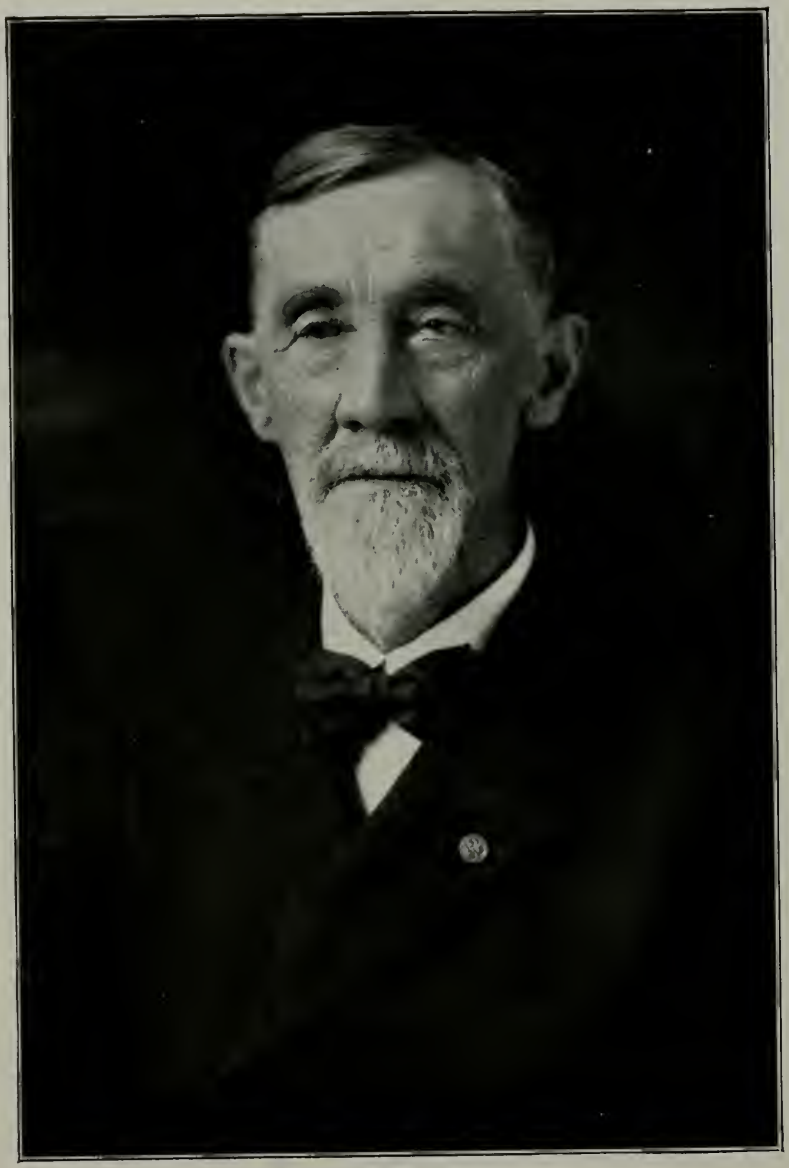
PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America.

AMERICAN LEGION.

The preamble to The American Legion Constitution is as follows:

"For God and Country we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent. Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the great war; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."



James Wellen Hays

JAMES WELLEN HAYS.

On Sunday afternoon, November 23, 1924, in his home in Urbana, J. W. Hays lay in comparative comfort, after some six weeks of affliction from partial paralysis, greeting callers cheerily and enjoying flowers sent by distant friends, to whom he asked that his affectionate greetings be conveyed. Only a few hours later, he passed quietly from this life.

On Wednesday afternoon, a large concourse of neighbors and friends paid their respects by attending the services of the church and of the Grand Army of the Republic at this home, while the children in the schools of the city in which his life had been spent stood for two minutes with heads bowed in his honor.

Born in Greenville, Ohio, February 10, 1848, reared from early childhood in Urbana, Illinois, a soldier of the Civil War, for thirty-five years the superintendent of the Urbana schools, from which position he retired about seventeen years ago. Mr. Hays was the dean of public school administrators in eastern Illinois. His interest in popular education in general and in the schools with which he had so long been connected never ceased. Within the last two years he had been especially active in efforts to promote in the local high school an honorary society founded to give recognition to distinguished scholarship in this and, as he has hoped, in other high schools as well.

Mr. Hays loved good books and collected a remarkable educational library; he enjoyed gardening, fruit-raising and the culture of flowers; he believed in outdoor exercise, often preferring to walk where another would ride; he encouraged clean sports and, up to last year, even in rain and snow, sat loyally through the principal high school games. As a writer, he was master of an unusually clear and forceful style. He received the honor of the presidency of the Illinois State Teachers' Association and of other educational organizations and held various offices in his home town. One of the Urbana school buildings bears his name.

Known for his love of companionship and for his readiness to encourage and stimulate those with whom he came into personal touch, he also lent assistance to all of the churches of the city and to other public welfare organizations, shared in the business enterprises of general interest to the city, and was an honorary member of the Urbana Rotary club, a member of the Elks and of the local country club.

In all his manner of living, J. W. Hays was one of the simplest of men. As a bachelor, until some twelve years ago, he made a home for his aged father. In 1913, he married Miss Sophia Leal, a former pupil and assistant teacher, since which time they have maintained one of the happiest and most hospitable of homes, enjoying friends and public service and receiving often those richest dividends which come to the truly successful teacher, the gratitude of former pupils who attribute much of their best success to his early influence on their lives.

This was a gentleman of the old school, an educator of a somewhat different type from that of the present day. We shall not see his exact like again; but, to many in Illinois who have known him as a wise counsellor and a kindly friend, the decease of J. W. Hays will long be felt as a personal loss.

BLUE STARS CHANGED TO GOLD.

[By WALTER E. JACKSON, Lincoln, Nebraska.]

Through a service star the flag seems nearer,
As its stripes in the breeze unfold,
This emblem of Freedom grows nearer still,
When that star has turned to gold.
You may love your country and love your flag,
But you'll love them more I hold,
When the service star of one you love,
Has changed its blue to gold.

You gave your time and gave your wealth,
Of stamps and bonds you bought,
And tried with honor to do your part,
To help the boys who fought.
But mothers who gave their loving sons,
Gave more a thousandfold,
Than all this time and wealth combined,
When their stars were turned to gold.

Oh, stars of blue! We honor you,
A place in our hearts you'll hold,
But there's a star more sacred far—
The star that has turned to gold.
The American home is Freedom's throne,
These stars her crown will hold,
For the love that yearns in memory turns,
To the stars that have changed to gold.

LIEUTENANT
QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT.

[By Odillon B. Slane, Peoria, Illinois.]

Quentin Roosevelt, sleep;
Eternal slumber keep
Under stars of gold,
Set in ethereal blue.
All that heaven can hold
Is surrendered to you,
Eagle of the air and deep,
Alone—in Franceland sleep.

Quentin Roosevelt, sleep.
No more heights to leap,
Warrior of cloud and sky;
Thy cross is in the sun,
Daring to do or die
Your noble battle's won.
O'er loving hearts the shadows creep,
Quentin Roosevelt,—sleep.

Let not the nations weep,
Ages hence shall reap
Fruits by heroes sown.
Morning awakes to sing,—
America shall claim her own,
Ties that forever cling;
The world its faith will keep,
Quentin Roosevelt,—sleep.

HOMAGE.

[F. A. Gilbreath.]

In May we come with garlands bright,
To pay a homage due—
Bedecking greening mounds, where sleep
The Khaki, Gray and Blue.
Each time we hold this honored tryst,
Our hearts in measure thrill,
Just as we value worth of faith,
Which martyred lives instill.

Tradition holds for every land
A guilding future sign.
And in the cause for which these served
We find a trust benign.
We know beneath Our Flag's fair folds
Wrong's schemes, but briefly live,
For soon they meet the withering scorn,
Which Right and Justice give.

Our blessed land will always praise
The true, the strong, the brave,
'Tis through such lives God's plan unfolds
As these who died to save.
Resplendent Glory shrouds each mound
With everlasting hue.
It gives a common color scheme
To Khaki, Gray and Blue.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[From Memorial Day Booklet by the Free Public Library, Jersey City, N. J.]

The Grand Army of the Republic is an organization of veterans who served in the army or navy of the United States during the Civil War. Its objects are the rendering of mutual aid and assistance to the veterans, the preservation of fraternal feeling, and the strengthening of patriotic sentiment.

The Grand Army is divided into departments according to states; each society is called a Post, and is numbered in its State department according to the date of its organization, as G. Van Houten Post, No. 3, Department of New Jersey, etc. Its members are called comrades. Each department usually holds a convention each year and there is also a national meeting held annually. These annual meetings are called "Encampments."

The Grand Army was founded by Major B. F. Stephenson and Chaplain W. J. Rutledge of the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry. In February, 1864, while they were companions in Sherman's expedition to Meridian, Miss., they conceived the idea of such an organization. After the war was over they corresponded about the matter and in March, 1866, held a conference in Springfield, Illinois, which resulted in the formation of the present organization.

The first Grand Army Post was organized April 6, 1866, in Decatur, Illinois, with a charter membership of twelve persons, and Major B. F. Stephenson as Department Commander. Other posts were soon formed, and in a short time nearly all the survivors of the War were enrolled as members. The first national encampment was held at Indianapolis, Indiana, November 20, 1866.

The ranks of the association are now being rapidly thinned by deaths and in a short time the Grand Army of the Republic will be only a sacred memory.

The largest membership at any time in its history was in 1890 when the organization numbered 409,489 members. On December 31, 1910, there were 5,923 Grand Army posts with a total membership of 203,410. Of this number 3,877 members belonged to the Department of New Jersey.

The Grand Army has been aptly termed "the representative organization of the soldiers and sailors of America and one great association which includes the veterans of every army and all ranks; the men who followed the flag upon the land and who fought beneath its folds upon the sea; men of every nationality, color and creed; the officer who wore the well-won stars of a General, and the private, whose only badge of distinction was in patriotic and faithful service in the ranks, all upon a common level of comrades of the flag."

Pres. Lincoln in camp with General McClellan and other generals, October 3, 1862.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[Muriel Brewster.]

They called him homely, but a beauty rare
Shone in that rugged face we know so well.
The deep set eyes their tale of visions tell,
And mystic, brooding sadness lingers there.
They say he died of an assassin's hand—
We know he lives; his soul is here today.
His eyes still glowing in that magic way,
Lighting the farthest corners of our land—
The land he loved so that he gave his life,
And gave his death, that it might ever be
The Nation that he visioned, far from strife,
And free from every form of slavery.
Lincoln, in thy dear memory today
We lift our hearts—to keep thy dream we pray.

REMEMBRANCE.

[Lillie V. Mickel.]

A little blue violet looked up to the sky,
And nodded and smiled—I asked her why.
"O, little blossom, what would you say?
Why do you nod so glad and gay?"
"I am telling of soldiers brave and true;
Come close, and I'll whisper it all to you."

A little brown wren with eyes so bright
Was warbling a song at morning light.
"O, little bird, what is it you say,
What are you singing all the day?"
"O, the soldiers did so brave a thing,
And that is why I love to sing."

If some little child you chance to meet,
Who does not know why this day we greet,
"O, little child," you all would say,
"We'll tell you why we keep this day;
We give to the soldiers love and praise
Who gave us their lives in other days."

APPRECIATION.

If with pleasure you are viewing
Any work a man is doing,
If you like him or you love him,
Tell him now.

Don't withhold your approbation
Till the preacher makes oration,
And he lies with snowy lilies
On his brow.

For, no difference how you shout it,
He won't really care about it;
He won't know how many teardrops
You have shed.

If you think some praise is due him,
Now's the time to slip it to him,
For he cannot read his tombstone
When he's dead.

STAR OF GOLD AMONG THE BLUE.

[W. E. Jackson, Lincoln, Nebr.]

(Tune, Silver Threads Among the Gold.)

Soldier boy, so brave and true,
How my thoughts go back to you;
To the days of love and bliss;
How I long for your dear kiss,
But no more 'twill ever be, will be;
You can ne'er return to me,
But I'll sometime come to you,
Star of gold among the blue.

Chorus

Though my love still calls for thee, for thee,
You can ne'er return to me,
But I'll sometime come to you,
Star of gold among the blue.

Days of sunshine, or of rain,
Seem alike to me, the same,
Since we parted long ago,
Soldier boy, I love you so.
True to country as to me, to me,
Loved by both you'll always be,
And I'll sometime come to you,
Star of gold among the blue.

In response to duty's call,
You went forward but to fall,
That the world might ever be,
From oppression always free.
Though you're numbered with the slain, the slain,
The great gift was not in vain,
And I'll sometime come to you,
Star of gold among the blue.

Last Chorus.

For in memory you will be, will be,
As you always were to me,
And I'll sometime come to you,
Star of gold among the blue.

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THE LITTLE BRONZE BUTTON.

[Gustave Younghans.]

How dear to the heart of each gray-headed soldier
Are the thoughts of the days when he still wore the blue,
While mem'ry recalls every trial and danger
And scenes of the past are brought back to his view.
Tho long since discarding our arms and equipments,
A grizzled old veteran most surely will note
The first thing he sees on the form of his comrade,
The little bronze button he wears on his coat.

"How much did it cost?" said a man to a soldier,
"That little flat button you wear on your coat?"
"Ten cents in good money," he answered the stranger,
"And four years of fighting and marching to boot.
The wealth of this world can not purchase this emblem
Except that the buyer once wore the brave blue,
And it shows to mankind the full marks of a hero,
A man who to honor and country was true."

Then let us be proud of the little bronze button
And wear it with spirit both loyal and bold,
Fraternally welcome each one who supports it,
With love in our hearts for our comrades of old.
Each day musters out whole battalions of wearers,
And soon will be missed the token so dear,
But millions to come will remember with honor
The men who'd the right that bronze button to wear.

The little brown button,
The sacred bronze button,
The Grand Army Button
He wears on his coat.

THE PRIVATES READY.

[Phoebe Cary.]

Loaded with gallant soldiers,
A boat shot in to the land,
And lay at the right of Rodman's Point,
With her keel upon the sand.

Lightly, gayly, they came to shore,
And never a man afraid;
When sudden the enemy opened fire
From his deadly ambuscade.

Each man fell flat on the bottom
Of the boat; and the captain said:
"If we lie here, we all are captured,
And the first who moves is dead!"

Then out spoke a negro sailor,
No slavish soul had he;
"Sombody's got to die, boys,
And it might as well be me!"

Firmly he rose, and fearlessly
Stepped out into the tide;
He pushed the vessel safely off,
Then fell across her side:

Fell, pierced by a dozen bullets,
As the boat swung clear and free:
But there wasn't a man of them that day
Who was fitter to die than he!

A NATION'S STRENGTH.

[Ralph Waldo Emerson.]

Not gold, but only man can make
A people great and strong—
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep,
And lift them to the sky.

CROSSES.

[Mabel Hicks.]

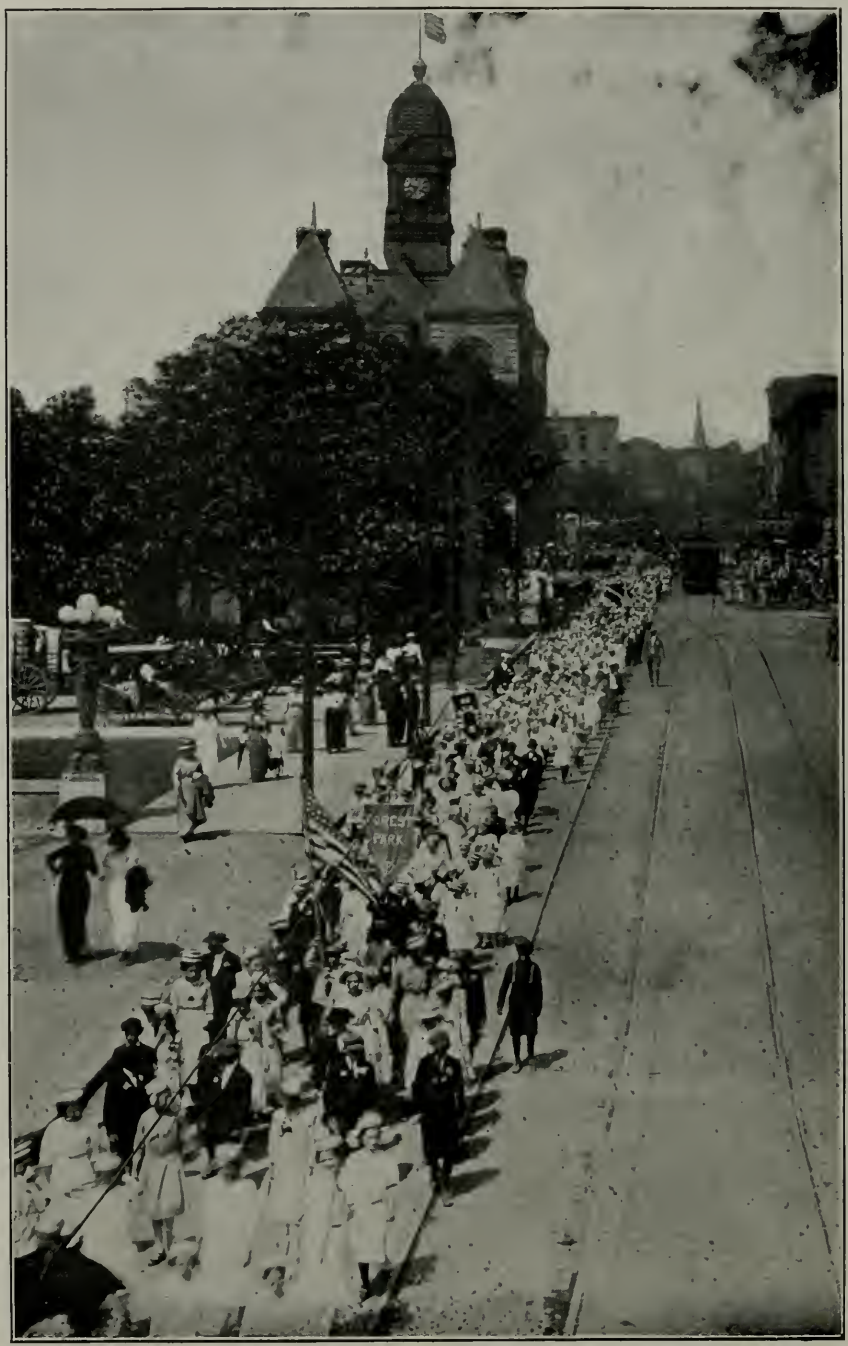
The moon shines down on Flanders' fields
On crosses white and bare,
But One who watches over them
A crown of thorns did wear.

* * * * * * *

The moon still shines on Flanders' fields,
On crosses white as snow,
But whiter are the souls of those
Whom God and Christ doth know.

* * * * * * *

Oh! moon, shine on in Flanders' fields
And touch each cross with peace;
And let them quietly sleep on
Whose souls have found release.



Showing Joliet's Patriotism.

DECORATION DAY.

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.]

Sleep, comrades! sleep and rest
On this field of grounded arms,
Where foes no more molest,
Nor sentry's shot alarms.

Ye have slept on the ground before,
And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of death
No sound your slumber breaks:
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace;
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,—
It is the truce of God.

Rest, comrades! rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men should be
As sentinels, to keep
Your rest from dangers free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

SHERMAN.

[Richard Watson Gilder.]

Glory and honor and fame and everlasting laudation
For our captains who loved not war, but fought for the life of the nation;
Who knew that, in all the land, one slave meant strife, not peace;
Who fought for freedom, not glory; made war that war might cease.

Glory and honor and fame; the beating of muffled drums;
The wailing funeral dirge, as the flag-wrapped coffin comes;
Fame and honor and glory; and joy for a noble soul,
For a full and splendid life, and laureled rest at the goal.

Glory and honor and fame; the pomp that a soldier prizes;
The league-long waving line as the marching falls and rises;
Rumbling of caissons and guns; the clatter of horses' feet,
And a million awe-struck faces far down the waiting street.

But better than martial woe, and the pageant of civic sorrow;
Better than praise of today, or the statue we build tomorrow;
Better than honor and glory, and history's iron pen,
Was the thought of duty done and the love of his fellow-men.

By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IT'S ALL IN THIS.

[Edgar A. Guest.]

It's all in this: a kindly deed,
A helping hand to one in need
A cheering word, a smile displayed.
And thus another friend is made;
Another friend your worth to tell,
To think of you and wish you well.

It's all in this: a way serene
Too big to do an action mean;
Too wise to speak the bitter thing
Of narrowness which leaves a sting;
Respect for each man's creed or trade,
By this good friends are always made.

It's all in this: to put aside
The pettiness of pomp and pride,
To know that death must level all,
And that this span of time is small;
To deal with men, and at the end
To have them mourn you as a friend.

It's all in this: each life must be
Engraved at last in memory,
And you shall learn as you grow old
Life's joy lies not in fame or gold;
But, whether low or high the grade,
It's in the loyal friends you've made.

Bunker Hill Monument.

A MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIER.

[James Whitcomb Riley.]

A monument for the Soldiers!
And what will ye build it of?
Can ye build it of marble, or brass, or bronze,
Outlasting the Soldiers' love?
Can ye glorify it with legends
As grand as their blood hath writ
From the inmost shrine of this land of thine
To the outermost verge of it?

And the answer came: We would build it
Out of our hopes made sure,
And out of our purest prayers and tears,
And out of our faith secure:
We would build it out of the great white truths
Their death hath sanctified,
And the sculptured forms of the men in arms,
And their faces ere they died.

And what heroic figures
Can the sculptor carve in stone?
Can the marble breast be made to bleed,
And the marble lips to moan?
Can the marble brow be fevered?
And the marble eyes be graved
To look their last, as the flag floats past,
On the country they have saved?

And the answer came: The figures
Shall all be fair and brave,
And, as befitting, as pure and white
As the stars above their grave!
The marble lips, and breast, and brow
Whereon the laurel lies,
Bequeath us right to guard the flight
Of the old flag in the skies!

A monument for the Soldiers!
Built of a people's love,
And blazoned and decked and panoplied
With the the hearts ye built it of!
And see that ye build it stately,
In a pillar and niche and gate,
And high in pose as the souls of those
It would commemorate!

SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM—A PATRIOTIC CREED.

[Edgar A. Guest.]

To serve my country day by day
At any humble post I may;
To honor and respect her Flag,
To live the traits to which I brag;
To be American in deed
As well as in my printed creed.

To stand for truth and honest toil,
To till my little patch of soil,
And keep in mind the debt I owe
To them who died that I might know
My country prosperous and free,
And passed this heritage to me.

I must always in trouble's hour
Be guided by the men in power;
For God and country I must live,
My best for God and country give;
No act of mine that men may scan
Must shame the name American.

To do my best and play my part,
American in mind and heart;
To serve the flag and bravely stand
To guard the glory of my land;
To be American in deed,
God grant me strength to keep my creed.

SHALL I ASK THE BRAVE SOLDIER?

[Tom Moore.]

"Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this!"

GENERAL GRANT'S GREATEST VICTORY.

[Eibridge S. Brooks, 1846-1902.]

General Grant * * * deplored and detested war; but once engaged in it, he fought to win.

"Give the enemy no rest; strike him, and keep striking him. The war must be ended, and we must end it now."

That was his theory of war, and he fought straight on, never halting in his opinion, never wavering in his actions, saying to those who questioned him, "I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Thereupon the people and the President knew that they had a soldier to rely on, a man with a genius for successful war, a general who never took one backward step. In just thirteen months after Grant assumed his command as head of the American army the end came, and in the apple orchard at Appomattox the last stand was made, the last gun fired, the white flag fluttered for a truce, and in the little McLean farmhouse, the two great opposing generals met in conference, and the Southern army laid down its arms in surrender.

Then General Grant won a greater victory through kindness. For where he might have been harsh, he was magnanimous. He was not one to exult over a valiant but fallen foeman.

"They are Americans, and our brothers," he said. He gave them back their horses, so that they could plow their farms for plantings; he gave them food and clothes, and sent them all home to their families. "The war is over," he said to North and South alike. "Let us have peace."

THE DUTY OF AN AMERICAN.

[Theodore Roosevelt.]

We know that self-government is difficult. We know that no people needs such high traits of character as that people which seeks to govern its affairs aright through the freely expressed will of the freemen who compose it. But we have faith that we shall not prove false to the memories of the men of the mighty past. They did their work; they left us the splendid heritage we now enjoy. We in our turn have an assured confidence that we shall be able to leave this heritage unwasted, and enlarged, to our children and our children's children. To do so, we must show not merely in great crises but in the every-day affairs of life, the qualities of practical intelligence, of courage, of hardihood and endurance, and, above all, the power of devotion to a lofty ideal, which made great the men who founded this republic in the days of Washington, which made great the men who preserved this republic in the days of Abraham Lincoln.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Robert G. Ingersoll.]

Grander than the Greek, nobler than the Roman, the soldiers of the Republic, with patriotism as taintless as the air, battled for the rights of others; for the nobility of labor; fought that mothers might own their own babes; that arrogant idlness should not scar the back of patient toil; and that our country should not be a many-headed monster made of warring states, but a nation, sovereign, grand and free. Blood was water, money, leaves, and life was common air until one flag floated over a Republic without a master and without a slave. The soldiers of the Union saved the South as well as the North. They made us a nation. Their victory made us free and rendered tyranny in every other land as insecure as snow under volcano lips. They rolled the stone from the sepulchre of progress, and found therein two angels clad in shining garments—Nationality and Liberty.

Monument to the memory of Francis Scott Key, Baltimore, Md.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

[Francis Scott Key.]

O say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Chorus

O say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:

Chorus

'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner: O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O thus be it ever when free-men shall stand
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heav'n rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

Chorus

And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Where Robert E. Lee read his farewell address.

OUR HONORED DEAD.

[Henry Ward Beecher.]

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this Nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism? * * *

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow—till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance!

W. J. Mossberger.

Mr. Mossberger was the teacher at Newman, District No. 45, White County, who lost his life in the tornado. He was the oldest teacher in the county.

Mr. Snowden Biggerstaff.

Mr. Biggerstaff was the teacher of the Veatch School in White County. He had dismissed the school and was on his way home when he was overtaken by the tornado. He was injured and died two days later.

House where the Civil War was concluded.

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